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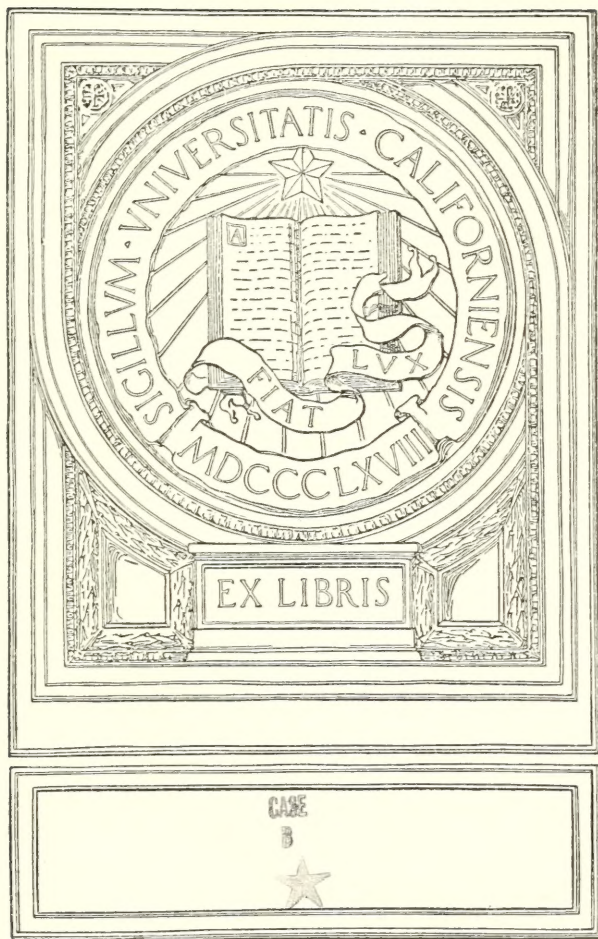
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THE TRAGEDIE OF GORBODVC;

whereof three Actes were wrytten by

Thomas Nortone, and the two laske by

Thomas Sackuyle.

It sett forth as the same was shewed befoze the
QVENEs most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes
Court of Whitehall, the .xviij. day of January,
Anno Domini. 1561. By the Gentlemen
of Chynner Temple in London.



IMPRYNTED AT LONDON

in fletestrete, at the Signe of the

Faucon by William Griffith: And are

to be sold at his Shop in Saincte

Dunstones Churchyarde in

the West of London.

Anno, 1565. Septemb. 22. 23

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

The Argument of the Tragedie.

GORBODVC, king of Brittain, deuised his Realme in his lyfe time to his Sones, Ferrex and Porrex. The Sonnes fell to dyuision and discention. The yonger kyllled the elder. The Mother that moze dearely loued the elder, for reuenge kyllled the yonger. The people mofued with the Crueltie of the facte, rose in Rebellion and slewe both father and mother. The Nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the Rebelles. And afterwardes for want of Issue of the Prince wherby the Succession of the Crowne became vncertaine. They fell to Ciuill warre in whiche both they and many of their Issues were slayne, and the Lande for a longe tyme almoste desolate and miserablye wasted.



TO THE
ASSOCIATES

N7A7
1565a

The names of the Speakers.

Gorboduc, kyng of great Brittain.
Videna, Queene and wife to kyng Gorboduc.
Ferrex, Elder Sonne to kyng Gorboduc.
Porrex, Yonger Sonne to kyng Gorboduc.
Clotyn, Duke of Cornwall.
Fergus, Duke of Albany.
Mandud, Duke of Leage.
Gwenard, Duke of Cumberlande.
Eubulus, Secretarie to the kyng Gorboduc.
Arostus, A Counsellour of kyng Gorboduc.
Dardan, A Counsellour assigned by the
kyng to his Eldest Sonne Ferrex.
Philander, A Counsellour assigned by the
kyng to his yonger Sonne Porrex.
(Both beyng of the olde
kynges Counsell before.
Herman, A Parasyte remainyng with Ferrex.
Tyndar, A Parasyte remainyng with Porrex.
Nuntius, A Messenger of thelder Brothers death.
Nuntius, A Messenger of Duke Fergus
resyng in Armes.
Marcella, A Ladye of the Queenes
prynces Chamber.
Chorus, Foure auncient and Sage
men of Brittain.

The Order of the dōme shewe befoze the
firste Acte, and the Signification therof,

Firste the Musicke of Violence began to playe,
durynge whiche came in vppon the Stage fire
wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the first
bare in his necke a fagot of smal sticke, whiche
thei all both seuerallie and togither assaied with
all their strengthes to bzeake, but it could not be
broken by them. At the length one of them pluck-
ed out one of the sticke and bzeake it: And the
rest pluckinge oute all the other sticke one af-
ter an other did easelie bzeake, the same beyng
seuered: which beyng conioyned they had befoze
attempted in vayne. After they had this done,
they departed the Stage, and the Musicke ceased
Hereby was signified, that a state knit in vnitye
doth continue stronge against all foze. But be-
yng deuyded, is easely destroied. As befell vpon
Duke *Corboduc* deuidinge his Lande to his two
sonnes which he befoze held in Monarchie. And
vpon the discention of the Brethren to whome
it was deuided.

of Gobodue,

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden.

Ferrex.

Viden.



THE silent night that bynges the
quiet pause,
From painefull trauailes of the
wearie Date:
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes
and makes me blame
The doſwe *A*wore that ſo for loue or ſhame
Doth longe delaye to ſhewe her bluſhing face;
And nowe the Date renewes my griefull plainte.

Ferrex.

My gracious Lady and mother deare,
Pardon my griefe, for your ſo griued minde
To aſke what cauſe tomenteth ſo your harte.

Viden.

So great a wronge and ſo vniuſt deſpite,
Without all cauſe againſt all courſe of kinde,

Ferrex.

Suche cauſeles wronge and ſo vniuſt deſpite,
Maye haue redreſſe, or at the leaſt reuenge.

Viden.

Neither my Sonne, ſuche is the ſrowarde will,
The perſon ſuche, ſuche my miſhap and thyne.

Ferrex.

Myne know I none, but griefe for your diſtreſſe:

Viden.

Yes: myne for thyne my ſonne: A father: no:

Act.

10

The Tragedie

In kynde a Father, but not in kyndlynnes.

Ferrex.

My Father: whie? I knowe nothyng at all;
Wherin I haue misdone vnto his Grace.

Viden.

Therefore, the moze vnkinde to thee and mee,
For knowynge well (my sonne) the rendze lous
That I haue euer bozne and beare to thee,
He greued therat, is not content alone,
To spoyle thee of my sight my chiefest Ioye,
But thee, of thy birth, right and Heritage
Causeles, vnkindly and in wrongfull wise,
Against all Lawe and right he will bereaue,
Walse of his kyngdome he will geue awaye,

Ferrex.

To whome?

Viden.

Euen to Porrex his younger sonne
Whose growinge Pride I do so soze suspecte,
That beyng rayled to equall Rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his enuius harte to swell
Fyllde with Disdain and with ambitious Pride
The ende the Goddes do knowe, whose Altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine of Cattell slayne,
To sende the sacred smoke to Heauens Thzone,
For thee my sonne if thinges so succede,
As nowe my Ielious minde misdemeth soze.

Ferrex.

Madame leaue care and carefull plaint for me,
Guilt hath my Father ben to euery wight,
His firste vniustice he will not extende

To

of Gobodue;

To me I truste, that geue no cause therof,
My brothers pride shall hurt him selfe, not mee.

Viden.

So graunt the Goddes: But yet thy father se
Hath firmly fixed his binmoued mynde
That plaints & praiers can no whit auailo,
For those haue I assaied, but euen this daie,
He wyll endeuour to procure assent
Of all his Counsell to his sonde deaile.

Ferrex.

These Ancestours from race to race haue byng
True sayth to my forefathers and their seede,
I truste thelike wyll beare the lyke to me.

Viden.

There resteth all, but if they fayle therof,
And if the ende bringe forth an euill successe
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I prae the Goddes requite it them,
And so they will, for so is wont to bee
When Lordes and trusted Rulers vnder kynges
To please the present fancie of the Prince,
With wong transpote the course of gouernance
Murders, mischief, or euill sworde at length,
Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,
When right succeedinge Line returnes againe
By Iones iust Iudgement and deserued wrathe
Bringes them to ciuill and reprochefull death,
And rootes their names & kindredes fro the earth.

Ferrex.

Whether content you, you shall see the ende.

A. VV.

Viden.

The Tragedie

Viden.

The ende: this ende I feare, Ioue ende me first.

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Corboduc. Arostus. Philander. Eubulus.

Corboduc.

M^y Lordes whose graue aduise & faithfull aide
Haue long vpheld my Honour & my Realme
And brought me from this age from tender yeres,
Guidynge so great estate with great renoume;
Nowe more impozteth mee the erst to vse
Your faith and wisdom wherby yet I reigne,
That when by death my liefe and rule shall cease,
The kingdome yet maye with vnbroken course,
Haue certayne Prince, by whose vndoubted right,
Your wealth and peace, may stand in quiet state,
And eke that thei whome Nature hath prepared,
In time to take my place in Princelie Seate,
While in their Fathers tyme their pliant youth
Weldes to the frame of skilfull gouernaunce
Maye so be taught and trayned in noble Artes,
As what their fathers whiche haue reigned befoze
Haue with great fame deriued downe to them
With honour they maye leaue vnto their seede;
And not be taught for their vnwozthie life,
And for their Laweles swaruyng out of kinde,
Woꝛthie to lose what Lawe and kind them gaue
But that they may preserue the comon peace,
The cause that first began and still mainteines

The

of Corboduc.

The Lynceall course of kinges inheritaunce,
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state
Wherof both I and you haue charge and care.
Thus do I meane to vse your wonted sayth
To me and myne, and to your natyue Lande,
My Lordes be playne without all wylie respect
Or poysonous crafte to speake in pleasynge wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succedynge thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arosius.

Your good acceptaunce so (most noble kinge)
Of suche your faithfulness as heretofore
We haue employed in duties to your Grace,
And to this Realme whose worthie head you are,
Well proues that neyther you mistruste at all,
For we shall nede no boasting wise to shewe,
Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our natyue Lande.
Wherfore (O kyng) I speake for one as all,
Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith:
Doubt not to vse their Counsellers and their aides
Whose honours, goods & lyues are whole auowed
To serue, to ayde, and to defende your Grace.

Corboduc.

My Lordes I thanke you all. This is the case
We know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
For kings, for kingdomes, and for comen weales,
Gaue me two sonnes in my more luffie Age,
Who nowe in my decepyunge yeres are growen
Well towarde ryper state of minde and strength,
To take in hande some greater Princely charge,

A. b.

As

The Tragedie

As yet they lyue and spende their hopefull daies,
With me and with their Mother here in Courte
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an other chaunge,
Theirs to moze trauaile, myne to greater ease:
When fatall death shall ende my mortall lyfe,
My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
The Realme deuided into two sondrie partes:
The one *Forrex* myne elder sonne shall haue,
The other shall the other *Porrex* rule
That both my purpose may moze framelie stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same:
That in my life they maye both learne to rule,
And I may hope to see their rulynge well.
This is in some, what I woulde haue ye weye:
First; whether ye allowe my whole deuise,
And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our Countrey, mother of vs all:
And if ye lyke it and allowe it well,
Then for their guydinge and their gouernaunce,
Shewe forth suche meanes of circumstance,
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept:
Loe, this is all, nowe tell me your aduise.

Arosius.

And this is muche, and asketh great aduise,
But for my parte my Soueraigne Lord and kynge
This do I thinke your Maiestie doth knowe,
Howe vnder you in Justice and in peace,
Great wealth and Honour, long we haue enjoyed
So as we can not seeme with greedie mindes

Ed

of Goboduc.

To wishe for chaunge of Prince or gouernance,
But if ye lyke your purpose and deuise,
Our lykynge must be deemed to procede,
Of rightfull reason, and of heedfull care,
Not for our selues, but for our cōmen state:
Sith our owne state doth nede no better chaunge
I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide:
Firste when you shall vnloose your aged mynde,
Of heuys care and troubles manyfolds,
And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sonnes
Whose growing yeres may bere the burden long
And longe I praye the Goddes to graunt it so:
And in your lyfe while you shall so beholde
Their rule, their vertues and their noble dedes,
Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
Your lastyng age shalbe their longer state,
For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue rulde
For publique wealth and not for pryuate loye,
Do wast mannes lyfe and hasten crooked age,
With furrowed face and with enfeebled limmes,
To drawe on creepynge Death a swifter pace.
They two yet yonge shall beare the partie reigne
With greater ease, than one nowe olde alone
Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
With lessened strength the double weight to beare
Your eye, your Counsell, and the graue regarde
Of Fathers, yea of suche a fathers name,
Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
When it is hazarde of their whole successe,
Shall

The Tragedie

Shall brydle so their force of youthfull heates;
And so restraine the rage of insolence,
Whiche most assailes the ponge and noble minds;
And so shall guide and traine in tempzed state
Their yet greene bending wittes wth reuerent aloe
And now inured with vertues at the first.
Custome (O king) shall brynge delightfulness
By vse of Vertue, Vice shall growe in hate,
But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
Which endes your life, shal first begin their reign
Great is the perill, what will be the ende,
When suche beginning of suche liberties
Woide of suche states as in your liefse do lye,
Shall leaue them to free randon of their will
An open prae to traiterous flatterie,
The greatest pestilence of noble youthe:
Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life,
Their tempzed youthe with aged fathers aloe
Be brought in by of skilfull staidnes
And in your life, their liues disposed so,
Shall length your noble liefse in ioyfulness.
Thus thinke I y^e your grace hath wiselie thought
And that your tender care of cōmen weale,
Hath bred this thought, so to deuide your Lande
And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule
While you yet liue to see their rulyng well,
That you may longer lye by ioye therein.
What furder meanes behouefull are and meete
At great leisure maye your Grace deuise,
When all haue saide, and when we be agreed
If this be best to parte the Realme in twaine,
And

of Boz boduc.

And place your sonnes in present gouernement
Whereof as I haue plainly saide my mynde,
So woulde I here the rest of all my Lozdes.

Philander.

In parte I thinke as haue ben saide befoze,
In parte againe my minde is other wise
As for deuiding of this Realme in twaine
And lotting out the same in egall partes,
To either of my Lozdes your Graces sonnes,
That thinke I best for this your Realmes behofe,
For profite and aduancement of your sonnes,
And for your comforte and your honour eke:
But so to place them while your life do last,
To yelde to them your Royall gouernaunce,
To be aboue them onely in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs,
This kingdome since the bloodie ciuill felce
Where *Morgan* slaine did yeld his conquered parte
Vnto his Cosyns swoorde in *Camberlande*
Conteineth all that whilome did suffice,
Thzee noble sonnes of your fozefather *Bute*,
So your two sonnes, it maye also suffice,
The moe the stronger, if thei gree in one:
The smaller compasse that the Realme doth holde
The easier is the swey therof to welde,
The nearer Iustice to the wronged pooze,
The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.
And whan the Region is deuided so
That Brethren be the Lozdes of either parte,
Such strength doth nature knit betwene the both,

In

The Tragedie

In sondrie bodies by conioyned loue
That not as two, but one of doubled force;
Eche is to other as a sure defence,
The Noblenes and glorie of the one
Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde
With vertuous enuie to contende for praise,
And such an egalnes hath nature made,
Betwene the Brethren of one Fathers seede,
As an unkindlie wronge it seemes to bee,
To tholue the other Subiect vnder feete
Of him, whose Peere he is by course of kinde,
And nature that did make this egalnes,
Ofte so repineth at so great a wronge,
That ofte she rayleth vp a grudgyng griefe,
In yonger Brethren at the elders state:
Wherby both towines & kingdomes haue ben rased
And famous stockes of Royall blood distroied:
The Brother that should be the Brothers aide
And haue a wakefull eare for his defence,
Gapes for his death, & blames the lenger ing yeres
That bringes not forth his ende with faster course
And oft impacient of so longe delays,
With hatefull slaughter he presentes the fates
And keepes a iust rewarde for Brothers bloode,
With cruelles vengeance on his stocke for aye:
Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall:
If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
Where none hath cause to grudge at others good;
But nowe the head to stoupe beneath them bothe,
No kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares,
And oft it hath ben seene, that where Nature
Hath

of Gobodue.

Hath ben preuerted in disordered wisse,
When fathers cease to know that they shuld rule
And Childzen cease to knowe they should obey,
And often our vnkindly tendzences,
Is Mother of vnkindly Stubbornes:
I speake not this in enuie or reprochs,
As if I grudged the glozie of your sonnes,
Whose honour I beseeche the Goddes to encrease:
For yet as if I thought there did remaine,
So filthie Cankers in their noble brestes,
Whome I esteeme (whiche is their greatest praise,
Vndoubted children of so good a kynge,
Onelie I meane to shewe my certaine Rules,
Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man
That Nature hath her ordze and her course,
Whiche (being broken) doth corrupt the state
Of myndes and thinges euen in the best of all
My Lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you
Your owne example in your noble Courte
Is fittest Supder of their youthfull yeares,
If you desire to seeke some present Joye
By sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
Who so obeyeth not with humblenes
Will rule without rage and with insolence
Longe maye they rule I do beseeche the Goddes,
But longe may they learne ere they begyn to rule
If kinde and fates woulde suffre I would wishe
Them aged Princes and immortall kinges:
Wherefore most noble kynge I well assent,
Betwene your sonnes y you deuide your Realme.
And

The Tragedie

And as in kinde, so matche them in degree
But while the Goddess prolongue your Royal life
Prolongue your reigne, for therto lyue you here,
And therfore haue the Goddess so longe forborne
To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
Be Prince and father of our cōmon weale:
They when they se your childzen ripe to rule
Will make them rounne, & wil remoue you hence,
That yours in right ensuyge of your life
Maye rightlie honour your mortall name.

Eubulus.

Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume
To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
Althoughe the same do not agree at all
With that whiche other here my Lords haue said
For whiche your selfe haue seemed best to lyke,
Pardon I craue and that my wordes be deemed
To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your Grace,
And to the safetie of your cōmon weale:
To parte your Realme vnto my Lords your sones
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worst of all, for this our Native Lande:
For with one Lande, one single rule is best:
Deuided Reignes do make deuided hartes.
But Peace preserues the Countrey & the Prince.
Suche is in man the gredie minde to reigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly Stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and Justice and all kindly loue,
Do yelde vnto desire of Soueraigntie:

Where

of Gobodue.

Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine
Your grace remembzeth howe in passed yeres
The mightie *Brute*, first Prince of all this Lande
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
He thinking that the compasse did suffice
For his thzee sonnes, thzee kingdomis eke to make
Cut it in thzee, as you would nowe in twaine:
But how much Brutish blod hath sithence be spilt
To ioyne againe the sondzed unitie?
What Princes slaine befoze their timely honour?
What wast of towne and people in the Lande?
What Treasons-heaped on murders & on spoiles?
Whose iust reuerige euen yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthefull remembraunce is yet had in minde:
The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe
And you (*O* king) geue not the cause therof:
My Lozde *Ferrex* your elder sonne, perhappes
At home kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
To be your Heire and to succede your Reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wronge
Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue
Porrex the younger so vnpassed in state,
Perhappes in courage will be raised also,
If Flatterie then whiche sayles not to assaile
The tendze mindes of yet unskillfull youth,
In one shall kindle and increase disdaime;
And Enuie in the others harte enflame,
This fire shall waste their love, their liues, theire
And rutheful ruine shal destroy them both, (Iand,
I wishe not this (*O* kyng) so to befall

W. I,

But

The Tragedie

But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre
Goe no beginning to so dreadfull ende,
Keep them in order and obedience:
And let them both by now obeyinge you,
Learne suche behauiour as becomes their state.
The Elder, myldenes in his gouernance,
The younger, a yeldyng contentednes:
And kepe them neare vnto your ptesence still,
That they restrained by the awe of you,
Maye liue in compasse of well tempered state,
And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
The trauailes that in youth you haue susteyned
Both in your persons and your Realmes defence
If planting nowe your sonnes in farder partes,
You sende them farder from your ptesent reach
Lesse shal you know how they the selues demaund
Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youthe,
Shall haue vnspied a muche more free access,
And of ambition and inflamed disdain
Shall arme the one, the other, or them bothe
To cruell warre, or to vsurpinge pride.
Late shall you rue, that you ne recked before:
Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
But not to liue still dzeadles of the worst,
So truste the one, that the other be forswene,
Arme not vnskillfulnes with princely power
But you that longe haue wisely ruled the reigne
Of royaltie within your noble Realme
So holde them, while the Gods for our anayles
Shall

of Goboduc.

Shall stretch the threde of your prolonged daies
To soone be clâme, into the flaming Carte
Whose want of skyll did set the earth on fire,
Time and example of your noble Grace,
Shall teache your sonnes beth to obey and rule:
Whan time hath taught thê, time shall make thê
The place that now is full: and so I praise (pae)
Longe it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Goboduc.

I take yone faithfull hartes in thankfull parte
But sithe I see no cause to drawe my minde,
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
Or to misdeme that Enuis or disdaine,
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue
In one selfe purpose do I still abide,
My loue extendeth egally to bothe,
My Lande suffiseth for them bothe also:
Humber shall parte the Marches of their Realmes:
The Sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,
The Northerne shall Porrex the yonger rule,
In quiet I will passe mine aged daies,
Free from the traiaile and the painefull cares
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare
Of flatterng tongues, corrupt their tender youth
And wileth them to the waies of youthfull lust,
To climyng pride, or to reuengng hate
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge
Leudely to lyue in wanton recklesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause

The Tragedie

I: not to wpeke the wzonges done to the pooze
To treade downe tructh, or fauour false deceits
I meane to ioyne to eyther of my sonnes
Some one of those whose longe approued faith
And wisdome tryed, may well assure my harte:
That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into their senced eares with graue aduise:
This is the ende, and so I praye you all
To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue founde within your faithful breaſts.

Aroſtus.

You, nor your sonnes, our ſoueraigne Lord shall
Our faith & ſeruiſe while our liues do laſt. (want)

Chorus.

When ſettled ſtaie doth holde the royall thryone,
In ſtedfaſt place by knowen and doubteles right:
And chiefly whan diſcent on one alone
Make ſingle and vnpacted reſigne to light.
Eche chaunge of courſe vniophts the whole eſtate
And yeldes it thzall to rayne by debate.

The ſtrength that knit by laſte accorde in one
Againſt all fozein powe of mightie foes,
Could of it ſelfe defende it ſelfe alone,
Diſioyned once, the former foze doth loſe
The ſtickes, that ſondzed bzake ſo ſoone in twaite
In ſaggot bounde attempted were in vaine.

Oft tender minde that leades the perciall eye
Of erringe parentes in their childzens loue,
Deſtroles the wzongfull loued childe therby:

This

of Gobobuc.

This doth the proude sonne of *Appollo* proue,
Who rashely set in Chariot of his fire:
Inflamed the perched earth with heauens fire.

And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunged the course of his discending crowne
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande
From blisfull state of ioye and great renowne,
A Myrrour shall become to Princes all
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe befoze the second Acte.

First the Musicke of Cornettes began to playe,
during whiche came in vpon the Stage a kinge
accompanied with a nombze of his Nobyltie &
Gentlemen. And after he had placed him selfe in
a Chaire of estate prepared for him: there came
and kneled befoze him a graue and aged Gentil-
man and offred by a Cuppe vnto hym of Wyne
in a glasse, whiche the kynge refused. After him
comes a yauce and lustie yong Gentelman and
presents the king with a Cup of Golde filled wth
posson, whiche the king accepted, & drynkinge the
saue, immediatly fell down dead vpon y^e Stage, &
so was carried thence awaye by his Lordes and
Gentlemen, & then the Musicke ceased. Hereby
was signified, that as Glasse by nature holdeth
no payson, but is clere and maye easely be seene
throughe, ne howeth by any Arte; So a faithfull

The Tragedie

Counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne & open, he yeldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth holosome Counsell, whiche the yll aduised Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled wth popson betokeneth Flattery, whiche vnder faire seeming of pleasaunt words beareth deadly popson, whiche destroyeth the Prince y^e receiveth it. As befell in the two b^reth^rene Ferrex and Porrex who refusing the holosome aduise of graue Counsellours, credited these ponge Paracites, & brought to them selues death and destruction thereby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

Ferrex.

I Persuade muche what reason leade the kyngs
My father thus without all my desarte
To reue me halfe y^e kingdome which by course
Of lawe and nature shuld remayne to me,

Hermon.

If you with stubborne and vntamed pryde
Had stood against him in rebellious wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had enuied
So slowe a slidingge of his aged yeres,
Or sought befoze your tyme to haste the course
Of fatall death vpon his Royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn:
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seented
To yelde some likely cause to spoile ye thus.

Ferrex

of Gobdodue.

Ferrex.

The wrekefull Gods powe on my cursed head,
Eternall plagues and neuer dyinge woes,
The Hellish Prince, adiudge my dampned ghoste
To *Tantalus* thirste, or preude *Ixion* wheele
O cruell Gripe to gnawe my growing harte
To durynge tormentes and unquenched flames
If euer I conceiued so foule a thought,
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan.

Be yet your father (O most noble Prince)
Did euer thinke so sawle a thing of you
For he with more than fathers tendre loue
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,
(Who long might lyue to se your culynge well)
To you my Lorde, and to his other sonne
Lo he resignes his Realme and Royaltie
Whiche neuer would so wise a Prince haue done
If he had ones misdeined that in your harte
There euer lodged so unkinde a thought.
But tendre loue (my Lorde) and settled truste
Of your good nature, and your nable minde
Hade him to place you thus in Royall throne
And now to geue you half his realme to guide
Pea and that halfe within abounding store
Of things that serue to make a welthie Realme
In statelie Cities and in frutefull soyle,
In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
In thinges of nedefull vse, whiche frendlie Sea
Transportes by traffike from the forreine Ports.
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,

B.iii.

Dothe

The Tlagevle

Doth passe the double value of the parte
That *Porrex* hath allotted to his reigne,
Suche is your ease, suche is your fathers loue.

Ferrex.

Ah loue, my frendes, loue wzongs not whom he
Dardan. (loue.)

Pe yet he wzongeth you that geueth you
So large a reigne ere that the course of tyme
Wzinge you to kingdome by discended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex.

Is this no wzong, saie you, to reauue from me
My natue right of halfe so great a realme,
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree:
Pea & what sonne? y sonne whose swellvng pryde
Woulde neuer yelde one point of reuerence,
Whan I the Elder and apparaunt helre
Scode in the likelyhode to possesse the whole
Pea and that sonne whiche from his childishe age
Enuieth myne honour, and doth hate my life,
What will he now do? when his pryde, his rage,
The mindefull malice of his grudging harte
Is armed with foze, with wealth and kingly state

Hermion.

Was this not wzong: yea yll aduised wzong
To glue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great misshappe,
Wilde open thus to set so large a waye.

Dardan.

Alas my Lorde, what griefull thing is this?
That

of Goboduc.

That of your brother you can thinke so ill
I neuer sawe him vtter likelie signe
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Suche hate of you, ne suche vneldinge pride
All is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That raising suche mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of suche unkindly hate,
Trauaile by reason to destroy you both:
Wise is your brother and of noble hope,
Worthie to welde a large and mightie Realme
So muche a stronger frende haue you therby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermion.

If nature and the Goddess had pinched so
Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes
Of Princelie qualtyes from you my Lorde
And potwde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers younger sonne alone:
Perhappes there be that in your preiudice
Would saie that birth shuld yeld to worthines:
But sithe in eche good gift and Princelie Acte
We are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildenes and in sobze gouernaunce
ye farre surmount: And sithe there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnes
To weld the whole, and match your Elders praise
I see no cause whie ye should loose the halfe,
Ne wold I wishe you yelde to suche a losse:
Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge
Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade:
Whichs shall geue courage to the fierie head

B.b.

Of

The Tragedie

Of your yonge Brother to inuade the whole,
Whiles yet therfore sticke in the peoples myndes
The lothed wzonge of your disheritaunce,
And ere your Brother haue by settled power,
By guyle full cloke of an alluryng shewe,
Got him some force and fauour in this Realme
And while the noble Queene your mother lyues,
To worke and practice all for your auaille
Attempt redresse by Armes, and wreake your selfe
Upon his life, that gaineth by your losse,
Wh ho nowe to shame of you, and grieve of vs
In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you:
Shew now your courage meete for kingly estate
That thei which haue auowed to spend their goods
Their landes, their liues & honours in your cause,
Maye be the bolder to mainteine your parte
Inhan thei do see that cowardly feare in you,
Shall not betraye ne saile their faithfull hartes.
If ones the death of Porrex ende the strife,
And paie the price of his vsurped Reigne,
Your Mother shall perswade the angry kynge,
The Lords your frends eke shall appease his rage
For thei be wise, and well thei can foresee,
That ere longe time your aged fathers death
Will bringe a time when you shall well requite
Their frendlie fauour, or their hatefull spite,
Yea, or their slackenes to auance your cause
Wise men do not so hange on passing state
Of present Princes, chiefly in their age.
But they will further cast their reaching eye
To blesse and weigh the times & reignes to come

of Goboduc.

He is it lykely thoughe the kinge be wythe
That he yet will, or that the Realme will beare
Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne:
Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
Be minnstre to suche an enterpryse.
And here you be now placed in your owne
Ampd your frendes, your bassalles & your strength
We shall defende and kepe your person safe
Tyll either counsell turne his tender minde
Or age, or sorowe ende his werte daies
But if the feare of Goddes and secrete grudge
Of Natures Lawe, repynnye at the facte,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt;
Knowe ye that lust of kingdomes hath no Lawe
The Goddes do beare and well allowe in kinges
The thinges they abhorre in rascall routes.
When kinges on slender quarrels run to warres
And than in cruell and vnkindely wise,
Comaunde theftes, rapes, murder of Innocentes
To spoile of townes, & reignes of mighty realmes
Thinke you such Princes do suppress them selues
Subiect to Lawes of kinde and feare of Gods,
Yet none offence, but decked with glozious name
Of noble Conquestes in the handes of kinges,
Murders and violent theftes in priuate men
Are heynous crymes and full of foule reproche:
But if you like not yet so hote deuise,
He list to take suche bauntage of the time.
But thoughe with great perill of your State
You wil not be the first that shall inuade,
Assemble yet your foze for your defence,

And

The Tragedie

And for your safetie stande vpon your garde,

Dordan.

O heauen was there euer harde or knownen,
So wicked Counsell to a noble Prince:
Let me (my Lorde) disclose vnto your grace
This heynous tale, what mischief it conteynes:
Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne
your present murder and eternall shame:
Heare me (O King) and suffre not to sinke
So highe a treason in your Princelie brest.

Ferrex.

The mightie Goddess forbidd that euer I
Should once conceiue suche mischief in my hart
Althoughe my Brother hath bereft my Realme
And beare perhappes to me any hatefull minde,
Shall I reuenge it, with his death therfore?
Or shall I so destroy my fathers lyfe
That gaue me life: the Gods forbidd I saye,
Cease you to speake so any moe to me
Be you my friende with Answer once repeate
So foule a tale, in silence let it die:
What Lorde or Subiect shall haue hope at all
That vnder me they safely shall enioye
Their goods, their honours, landes and liberties,
With whome, neither one onely brother deare
Be father dearer, coulde enioye their lyues:
But sithe, I feare my younger brothers rage,
And sithe perhappes some other man may giue
Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
At mine estate: whiche counsell may perchaunce
Take greater force with him, than this with me,

of Goboduc.

I will in secreete so prepare my selfe,
As if his malice or his lust to reigne
Breake forth with Armes or sodeine violence
I may withstande his rage and kepe myns owne.

Dordan.

I feare the fatall tyme now draweth on
When ciuill hate shall ende the noble lyne
Of famousse Brute and of his Royall seede
Great Ioue defende the mischieses now at hande
That the Secretaries wise aduise
Had erst ben harde whan he besought the kynge
Not to deuide his lande, nor sende his sonnes
To further partes from p[re]sence of his Courte
He yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce
No suchs are they now in the Royall throns
As was rashe Phaeton in Phebus Carre
He then the fiery sledes did drawe the flame
With wilder randon throught the kindled skies
Then traiterous counsell now will wherle about
The youtfull heads of these vnskillfull kinges,
But I hereof their father will enforme
The reuerence of him perhappes shall stave
The growing mischieses, while they yet are grene
If this helpe not, then woo vnto them selues,
The Prince, the people, the deuided lande.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

Porrex

The Tragedie

Porrex

AND is it thus? And doth he so prepare
Against his Brother as his mortall foe?
And nowe while yet his aged father lyues:
Neither regards he him: nor feares he me?
Warre would he haue: and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar.

I sawe my selfe the great prepared store
Of Horse, of Armour and of weapons there,
He byng I to my Lorde reported tales
Without the ground of scene and serched trouthe
Loe secrete quarrelles runne about his Courte
To bringe the name of you my Lorde in hate
Eche man almost can nowe debate the cause
And aske a reason of so great a wronge,
While he so noble and so wise a Prince,
As as vnworthie rest his Heritage.
And while the kinge mislead by craftie meanes
Deuided thus his lande from course of right.
The wiser sorte holde downe their griefull heades
Eche man withdrawes from talke and companie,
Of those that haue ben knownen to fauour you,
To hide the mischiefe of their meaninge there,
Rumours are spred of your preparynge here.
The Rascall nombres of the vnskilfull sorte
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours
In secrete I was counsailed by my friendes
To haile me thence, and brought you as you know
Letters from those, that both can truely tell
And would not wyte vnlesse they knewe it well.

Philander.

of Corboduc.

Philander.

My Lorde, yet ere you nowe unkindely warre,
Sende to your Brother to demaunde the cause.
Perhappes some trayterous tales haue filled his
w false reports against your noble grace: (cares
Which once disclosed shal ende the growing strife
That els not staied with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes & your lyues:
Sende to your father eke, he shall appeale
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Perrex.

Wilde me of feare? I feare him not at all:
He will to him, ne to my father sende
If daunger were for one to tarye there
Thinke ye it safely to retourne againe.
In mischiefes suche as *Perrex* nowe intendes
The wonted courteous Lawes to Messengers
Are not obserued, whiche in iust warre they vse,
Shall I so hazarde any one of myne?
Shall I betraie my trustie friende to hym?
That hath disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not:
Nor shall I to the kinge my father sende:
Yea and sende nowe while suche a mother lyues
That loues my Brother and that hateth mee?
Shall I geue leasure by my fonde delays
To *Perrex* to oppresse me at vnware?
I will not, but I will invade his Realme
And seeke the Traitor Prince within his Court
Mischiefe for mischief is a due rewarde.
His wretched head shall paie the woorthie price

M

The Tragedie

Of this his Treason and his hate to me
Shall I abide, entreate and sende and praye?
And holde my yelden thyoate to Traitors knife?
While I with valiaunt minde & conquering force
Might rid my selfe of foes: and winne a Realme,
Yet rather when I haue the wretches head,
Than to the king my father will I sende,
The booteles case may yet appease his wꝛath:
If not I will defend me as I maye.

Philander.

Loe here the ende of these two youthfull kings
The fathers deth, the reigne of their two realmes
A most vnhappy state of Counsellours
That light on so vnhappy Lordes and times
That neither can their good aduise be harde,
Yet must thei beare the blames of yll successe
But I will to the king their father haste
Ere this mischiefe come to that likely ende,
That if the mindefull wꝛath of wꝛekfull Gods
Since mightie *Ilions* fall not yet appeased
With these pooꝛe remnant of the *Troians* name
Haue not determinedly vnmooued fate
Out of this Realme to rase the *British* Line
By good aduise, by a line of fathers name
By force of wisser Lordes, this kindled hate
Maye yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus.

When youth not bzidled with a guiding state
Is left to randon of their owne delight (state,
And welds whole Realmes, by force of soueraigne
Great

of Corbodue.

Great is the daunger of vnmistred might
Lest skilles rage thowdowne with headlong fall
Their lands, their states, their liues, their selues &
(all.

When growling pride doth fill the swelling brest
And greedy lust doth raise the clymbynge minde
Oh hardlie maye the perill be repress,
Ne feare of angrie Goddes, ne Lawes kinde,
Ne Countrie care can fiered hartes restrayne
When force hath armed Enue and disdaine.

When kinges of forgett wyll neglecte the rede,
Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasinge tales
That do their fantasies noysonte humour feede
Ne reason, nor regarde of right auailles
Succedynge heapes of plagues shall teache to late
To learne the mischiefes of misguydinge state.

Fowle fall the Traitor false that vndermines
The loue of Brethrenne to destroye them bothe
Who to the Prince, that pliant eare enclynes,
And yeldes his minde to poysonous tale, & floweth
From flatterynge mouth, & woo to wretched lande
That wasts it selfe with ciuill sword in hande.

Loe, thus it is popson in golde to take,
And hollesome drinke in homely Cuppe forsake.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe befoze the thirde Act.

Firste the Musicke of Fluites began to playe,
C i. duringe

The Tragedie

during which came in vpon the Stage a compa-
nye of Mourners all clad in blacke betokeninge
Death and sorow to ensue vpon the yll aduised
misgouernement and discention of Bzetherne,
as befel vpon the Murder of Perrea by his yonger
Brother. After the Mourners had passed thysse
about the stage, thei departed, and than the Mu-
sicke ceased,

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Corboduc. Eubulus. Arostus. Philander. Nuntius.

Corboduc.

O Cruell fates, O mindfull wrath of Goddes,
whose vengeaunce neither *Simois* streined strea,
Flowing w blood of *Troian* Princes slaine (mes
For *Phrygian* fieldes made rancke w Corples dead
Of *Asian* kynges and Lordes can yet appease,
The slaughter of vnhappy *Pryams* race
For *Ilions* fall made leuell with the soile,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage,
Pursue our lynes, and from the farthest Seas
Doth chaſt the issues of destroyed *Troye*:
Oh no man happy, till his ende be seene,
If any flowyng wealth and seemynge Joye
In present peresmyght make a happy wight,
Happy was *Hecuba* the wofullest wretche
That euer lyued to make a Pyrrour of
And happy *Pryam* with his noble sonnes,
And happy I till now. Alas, I see

And

et Godobut.

And feele my most unhappie wretchednes:
Beholde my Lordes, reade ye this Letter here
Lde it contelines the ruine of our Realme
If timelie speede prouide not haste helpe
Yet (O ye Goddes) if euer woofull kyng
Might moue you kings of kinges, weke it on me
And on my Sonnes, not on this guiltles Realme.
Sende down your wasting flames from wrathful
Heaues to reue me & my sones the hateful breath (skies
Reade, reade my Lordes: this is the matter whis
I called ye now to haue your good aduise.

C: The Letter from Dordan the
Counsellour of the elder Prince.

Enbulus readeth the Letter.

My Soueraigne Lord, what I am loth to write
But lothest am to see, that I am forced
By Letters now to make you vnderstande
My Lord Ferrex your eldest sonne mislead
By Traitors fraude of yong vntempered wittes
Assembleth force against your yonger sonne,
He can my Counsell yet withdraue the heate
And furvous pangas of his enflamed head:
Disoaine (saith he) of his inheritaunce
Armes him to weke the great pretended wronge
With cluill sword vpon his Brothers life,
If present helpe do not restraine this rage
His flame will waite your sones, your land & you.
Your Maisties faithfull and most
humble Subiecte Dordan.

C. ii.

Arrestus

The Tragedie

Arctus.

O King, appeale your griefe & state your plaint
Great is the matter and a wofull case
But timely knowledge maye bringe timely
Scude for the both vnto your presence here (help
The reuerence of your honour age and state
Your graue aduise, the awe of fathers name
Shall quickelie knit againe this broken peere:
And if in either of my Lordes your sonnes
Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride
As will not bende vnto your noble Vestes.
If Ferrex the elder sonne can beare no peere,
Or Porrex not content, aspires to more
Then you him gaue, aboue his Patience right:
Toyne with the iustice side, so shall you force
Them to agree: and holde the Lande in state.

Eubulus.

What meaneth this? Loe yonder comes in hast
Philander from my Lord your yonger sonne.

Corboduc.

The Goddes sende ioyfull newes.

Philander.

The mightie Ioue

Preserue your Maiestie, O noble kinge.

Corboduc.

Philander. Welcome: But how doth my sonne?

Philander.

Your sonne, sir, lyues and healthie I him left:
But yet (O kinge) this want of lustfull health
Could not be half so griefefull to your Grace,
As these most wretched tidynge that I bringe.

Corboduc

of Gorboduc,

Gorboduc.

O heauens yet more: no ende of woes to mee:
Philander.

Tyndar, O kyng, came lately from the Courte
Of *Ferrex*, to my Lorde your yonger sonne,
And made reporte of great prepared store
Of warre, and saith that it is whollie ment
Against *Porrex* for highe disdaine that he
Lyues nowe a kynge and egall in degree
With him, that claimeth to succede the whole.
As by due title of descendinge right
Porrex is nowe so set on flamyng fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrathe,
Partely with hope to gaine a Realme ther by,
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His Brothers Lande, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder sonne,
He coulde I him perswade that first he should
Sende to his Brother to demaunde the cause,
Nor yet to you to staie his hatefull strife.
Wherefore sithe there no more I can be harde,
I come my selfe nowe to en-suite your Grace:
And to beseeche you, as you loue the life
And safetie of your Children and your Realme,
Nowe to employe your wisdome and your force
To staie this mischiefe ere it be to late.

Gorboduc.

Are thei in Armes? would he not sende for me?
Is this the honour of a Fathers name?
In vaine we trauaile to asswage their mindes
As if their hartes whome neither Brothers loue

The Tragedie

No: Fathers alwe, no: kingdomes care can moue
Our Counsels could withdraue from ragynge heat
None slaye them both, and ende the cursed Lyne
For though perhappes feare of suche mightie force
As I my Lords, ioyned with your noble Aides
Maye yet raise, Shall repressse their present heate,
The secrete grudge and malyce will remayne
The fire not quentched, but kept in close restraint
Frad stil within, breakes forth with double flame
Their death and mine must peaze the angrie gods

Philander.

Welde not, A king, so muche to weake dispaier
Your sonnes yet lyue, and long I trust, they shall:
If fates had taken you from earthly life
Before beginning of this ciuill strife:
Perhaps your sonnes in their vnmastered youth,
Lose from regarde of any luyng wight,
Wolde runne on headlonge, with vnbridled Race
To their owne death and ruine of this Realme.
But sith the Gods that haue the care for kinges,
Of thinges and times dispose the order so
That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth
While yet your lyfe, your wisdom & your power,
Maye stalle the growing mischief, and repressse
The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate
It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme therof,
That luyng None hath tempred so the time
Of this debate to happen in your daies
That you yet luyng maye the same appeaze,
And adde it to the glozie of your latter age
And they your sonnes maye learne to liue in peace
Beware

of Goboduc,

Beware (O kynge) the greatest harme of all,
Lest by your waylesful plaints your hastened death
Yelde larger rounge vnto their growyng rage:
Preserue your lyfe, the onely hope of State:
And if your highnes herein list to vse
Wisdonie o: force, Counsell o: knightly aide:
Loe we our persons, powers and lyues are yours,
Vse vs tyll Death, O king, we are your owne.

Eubulus.

Loe hers the perill that was erst forsene
When you, (O king) did first deuide your Laude,
And yelde your present raigne vnto your sonnes.
But nowe (O noble Prince) nowe is no time
To wayle and plaine, and waite your wofull lyfe,
Nowe is the time for present good aduise,
So we doth darke the Iudgement of the wytt
The hart vnbroken and the courage free
From feble faintnes of booteles dispaire
Doth either ryse to safetie o: renowne
By noble valure of vnuanquished minde
O: yet doth perishe in more happie sorte
Your Grace maye sende to either of your sonnes
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsel & with weightie name
Of father shall present before their eyes
Your best, your liefe, your safetie and their owne
The present mischiefe of their deadlie strife
And in the while, assemble you the force
Whiche your Comaundement and the spedie haile
Of all my Lordes here present can prepare:
The terroure of your mightie power shall scye

Exit.

The

The Tragedie

The rage of bothe, or yet of one at least.

Nuntius.

O King the greatest griefe that euer Prince dyd
That euer wofull Messenger did tell, (here
That euer wretched Lande hath sene befoze
I bringe to you. Porrex your yonger sonne
With soden force, inuaded hath the lande
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule:
And with his owne most bloudie hande he hath
His Brother slaine, and doth possesse his Realme.

Corboduc.

O Heaues send down the flames of your reuenge,
Destroie I saie wth flashe of wzekefull fier
The Traiour sonne, and than the wretched sire:
But let vs go, that yet perhappes I maye
Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chorus.

The lust of kingdomes knowes no sacred faith
No rule of Reason, no regarde of right
No kindlie loue, no feare of heauens wzeathe:
But with contempt of Goddes, and mans despise,
Thzough blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies
To fatall Scepter and accursed reigne.
The sonne so lothes the fathers lincerynge daies.
He dreades his hand in Brothers blode to staine
O wretched Prince, ne doest thou yet recorde
The yet freshe Murthers done within the Lande
Of thie fozefathers, when the cruell sworde
Berest Morgan his liefe with Cosyns hande?
Thus fatall plagues pursue the gillie race
Whose murderous hand imbzyed wth gillies blood

Aske

of Gorboduc.

Askes vengeance befoze the heauens face,
With endles mischiefes on the cursed broode.
The wicked childe this bringes to wofull Dier
The mournefull plaintes to wast his wery life:
Thus do the cruell flames of Ciuill fier
Destroye the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
And hence doth spring the well frō which doth flo:
The dead black streames of mournings, plaints &
(Woe.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe befoze the fourth Acte.

First the Musick of Holweboies began to plaie,
durhge whiche there came forth from vnder the
Stage, as thoughe out of Hell three Furies. *Al-*
lecto, Megera & Ctesiphone clad in blacke garments
sprinkled with bloud & flames, their bodies girt
with snakes, their heds spread with Serpents in
steade of heare, the one bearinge in her hande a
Snake, the other a whip, & the thirde a burning
Firebrande: eche driuynge befoze them a kynge
and a Queene, whiche moued by Furies vnnat-
turallie had slaine their owne Childzen. The
names of the kings & Queenes were these. *Tan-*
talus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea, af-
ter that the Furies and these had passed aboute
the Stage thise, they departed & than the Mu-
sicke ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall
Murders to followe, that is to saie. *Porrex* slaine
by his owne Mother. And of king *Gorboduc* and
Eugene Viden, killed by their owne Subiectes.

C. v.

Actus

The Tragedie

Actus quartus. Scenaprimum.

Vidensola.

Viden.

V Why should I lyue and lynger forth my tyme
In longer liewe to double my distresse?
O me most wofull wight whome no mishap
Long ere this daie could haue bereued hence.
Nought not these handes by fortune or by fate,
Haue perst this brest and life with Iron rest,
O in this Pallace here where I so longe
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Once, once haue hapt i which these hugie frames
With death by fall might haue oppressed me
O should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So est where I haue prest my wretched steps
Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed liewe,
To rende in twaine and swallowe me therein,
So had my bones possessed nowe in peace
Their happie graue within the closed grounde
And greedie wormes had gnawen this pynd hart
Without my feelynge paine: So shulde not nowe
This lyuynge brest remayne the ruthfull tombe
Wherin my hart yelden to death is graued:
Nor dierie thoughts with panges of pining griefe
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus,
O my beloued sonne: O my swete childe,
My teare *Ferrex*, my Joye, my lyues deliyght.
As my welbeloued sonne, as my swete childe,
My deare *Ferrex*, my Joye, my lyues deliyght
Murdered

of Gobodur.

Murdered with cruell death? O hatefull wretche,
O heynous Traytour bothe to heauen and earth,
Thou *Porrex*, thou this damned dede hast wrought
Thou *Porrex*, thou shalt dearly aby the same,
Traidour to kinne and kinde, to Sire and me,
To thyne owne fleshe, and Traidour to thy selfe
The Gods on the in hell shall weke their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge
On the *Porrex*, thou false and captiue wighte,
If after blode, so eigre were thy thirst
And Murderous minde had so possessed thee,
If suche hard hart of Roke and stonie Flint
Lpyed in thy best, that nothing elles could like
Thy cruell Tyntes thought but death & bloode
Wild sauage beasts mought not slaughter serue
To fede thy gredie will, and in the myddest
Of their entrailles to staine thy deadlie handes
With blode deserued, and drinke thereof thy spyll:
Or if nought els but death and blond of man
Mought please thy lust, could none in *Brytain* land
Whose hart he tozne out of his loung best
With thine owne hand, or work what death thou
Suffice to make a Sacrifice to appeaze (woldest
That deadlie minde & murderous thought in the:
But he who in the self same wombe was wrapped
Where thou in dismall holwer receiuedst life?
Or if nedes, nedes thie hand must slaughter make
Moughtist thou not haue reached a mortall wound
And w thy sworde haue perfed this cursed wombe:
That the accursed *Porrex* brought to lyght?
And geuen me a iust rewarde therfore.

The Tragedie

So *Ferrex*, if sweete life might haue enioyed
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 W some yong sonne in whom thei both might liue
 But wherevnto wast I this ruthfull speche:
 To the that hast thy brothers blood thus shed
 Shall I stil think y from this wombe thou sprong:
 That I thee bare: or take thee for my sonne:
 No Traytour, no: I the refuse for mine,
 Murderer I thee renounce, thou art not mine:
 Neuer, O wretche, this wombe conceued thee,
 Nor neuer bode I painefull throwes for thee:
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe
 Nor to no wight, that sparke of pytie knewe,
 Ruthles, unkind, Monster of Natures worke.
 Thou neuer suckte the milke of womans breaſte
 But from thy birth the cruell Tigris teates
 Haue nursed, nor yet of fleshe and blood
 Formed is thy hart, but of hard Iron wrought.
 And wilde and desert woods breade thee to lyfe:
 But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge:
 Or that these handes will not be wooke on thee:
 Doest thou not knowe that *Ferrex* mother lyues
 That loued him moze dearelie then her selfe:
 And doth she lyue, and is not venged on thee:

Actus quartus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc, Aroslus Eubulus. Porrex. Marcilla.

We marueyle muche wherto this linyng
Gorboduc. *(State*
faller

of Corboduc.

Falles out so longe : *Porrex* vnto our Courte
By order of our Letters is retourned
And *Eubulus* receyued from vs by hest
At his arriuale here to geue him charge
Befoze our pzeience streight to make repaire
And yet we haue no woꝛde wherof he stales.

Arostus

Loe where he comes and *Eubulus* with hym.

Eubulus.

Accoꝛdyng to your highnes hest to me
Here haue I *Porrex* bzought euen in suche soꝛt
As from his wried Hoꝛse he did alighte,
Foz that your Grace did will suche haste therein,

Corboduc.

We like and praise this spedie wyl in you
To woꝛke the thing that to your charge we gaue
Porrex, if we so farre shulde swarue from kinde,
And frō these bounds which lawes of Nature sets
As thou hast done by vile and wretched dede
In cruell murder of thy Bꝛothers life,
Our pzeient hande coulde stae no lenger tyme,
But streight shuld bathe this blade in bloud of the
As iust reuenge of thy detested cryme.

No. we shuld not offende the laue of kinde,
If nowe this swoꝛde of ours did slae thee here:
Foz thou hast murdered him whose heinous death
Euen Naturesfoꝛce doth moue vs to reuenge
By bloud againe: But Justice soꝛceeth vs
To measure Death foz Death, thy due deserte,
Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sithe as yet
In this harde case what woꝛde thou canst alledge

Foz

For thy defence, by vs hath not ben harde
 We are content to staie our wyll for that
 Whiche Iustice biddes vs presently to worke:
 And geue the leaue to vse thie speache at full
 If ought thou haue to laye for thine excuse.

Porrex.

Neither O kyng, I can o; wyll denie
 But that this hande from *Ferrex* lyfe hath rest:
 Which fact how much my doleful hart doth wails
 Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
 As inwarde grieve doth powre it forth to me,
 So yet perhappes if euer ruthefull hart
 Melting in teares within a manlie brest
 Throughe depe repentaunce of his bloudie facte
 If euer grieve, if euer wofull man
 Might moue regreite with sorowe of his fault,
 I thinke the toymnt of my mournesfull case
 Knowen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
 Woulde force euen wrath her selfe to pytie mee.
 But as the water troubled with the mudde
 Shewes not the face whiche els the eye shulde see,
 Euen so your Trefull minde with stirred thought,
 Can not so perfectly discern my cause.
 But this unhappe, emongst so many heapes
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to my selfe I must referre my woe
 In pynnyge thoughts of myne accursed facte:
 Sithens I may not shewe here my smallest grieve
 Suche as it is, and as my brest endures,
 Whiche I esteeme the greatest myserie
 Of all mishappes that Fortune now can sende,

of Corboduc.

Not that I rest in hope with plaints and teare,
 Should purchase life: for to the Goddess I clepe
 For true recorde of this my faithfull speache,
 Neuer this harte shall haue the thoughtfull dreade
 To die the death that by your Graces dome
 By iust desarte, shalbe pronounced to mee:
 Nor neuer shal this tongue ones spend this speche
 Pardon to craue, or seeke by sute to lyue:
 I meane not this as though I were not touchde
 With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 Lyfe in contempt: but that I knowe, the mynde
 Strypes to no dreade, although the fleshy be feake,
 And for my gilt, I yelde the same so great
 As in my selfe I finde a feare to sue
 For graunte of lyfe.

Corboduc.

In bayne, I wyteche thou shewest
 A woofull harte, *Forre* now lyes in graue,
 Slaine by thy hande.

Forre.

Yet this, O father, heare:
 And than I ende: Your Maiestie well knowes,
 That Iohn my Brother *Forre* and my selfe
 By your owne hest were ioyned in gouernaunce
 Of this your Graces Realme of *Britayne* Lande
 I neuer sought nor trauaylled for the same,
 Nor by my selfe, or by no frende I wrought.
 But from your highnes will alone it spronge,
 Of your most gracious goodnes bent to me,
 But holwe my Brothers hart euen than repyned
 With swollen disdaine againt mine egall rule

Serge

The Tragedie

Being that Realme, which by descent shuld grow
Whollie to him, allotted halfe to me?
Euen in your highnes Court he nowe remaynes,
And with my Brother than in nearest place
Who can recorde, what prooffe therof was shewde
And how my brothers enuious hart appearde
Yet I that iudged it my parte to seeke
His fauour and good will, and lothe to make
Poor highnes knowe, the thing which shuld haue
Grief to your grace, & your office to him (brought
Hopping by earnest suite shuld soone haue winne
A louinge hart within a Brothers brest
Wrought in that soyte that for a pleadge of loue
And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hande.
This made me thinke, that he had banished quite
All rancour from his thought and bare to me
Suche hartie loue, as I did owe to him:
But after once we left your Graces Court
And from your highnes presence liued aparte
This egall rule still, still did grudge him so
That nowe those Enuious sparkes which erst lay
In lying cinders of dissembling brest, (raked
Kindled so farre within his hartes disdaine
That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
Of secrete practise to depriue me life
By Poysons soyte, and had bereft me so,
If myne owne Seruaunt hired to this fact
And moued by trouthes hate to worke the same,
In time had not bewraied it vnto mee:
When thus I saue the knot of loue unknitte
All honest League and faithfull promise broke

The

of Corboduc.

The Lawe of kind and trothe thus rent in twaine
His hart on mischief set, and in his brest
Blacke treason hid then, then did I dispaier
That euer tyme coude wyne him frende to me
Than salve I howe he smyled with slaying knife
Wapped vnder cloke, then sawe I depe deceite
Lurke in his face and death prepared for mee:
Euen nature moued me than to holde my lyfe
More deare to me than his, and bad this hande
Since by his lyfe my death must nedes ensue,
And by his death my lyfe to be preserved:
To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so,
And wisdomte willed me without protracte
In spedie wise to put the same in bze.
Thus had I tolde the cause that moued me
To worke my Brothers death and so I yelde
My lyfe, my death to iudgement of your grace.

Corboduc.

Oh cruell wight, shulde any cause preuaile
To make the stain thy hands with brothers blod
But what of thee we will resolute doe
Shal yet remaine vnknown: Thou in the meane
Shalt from our royall presence banished be
Untill our Princely pleasure further shall
To the be shewed, departe therfore our sight
Accursed childe. What cruell desenie
What frowarde fate hath sorted vs this chaunce
That euen in those, where we shuld comfort find
Where our delight nowe in our aged daies
Shulde rest and be, euen there our onelie griefe
And depest sorowes to abydge our life,

The Tragedie

Most pynnyng cares and deadlie thoughts do graue.

Aróstus.

(yours

Your Grace shuld noli in these graue yeres of
Haue founde ere this the price of mortall Joyes,
Howe shorte they be, howe sadnyng heare in earth
Howe full of chaunge, howe little our estate,
Of nothyng sure, saue onely of the Death,
To whome both man and all the worlde doth owe
Their ende at last, neither shall natures power
In other sorte against your harte preuayle,
Than as the naked hande whose stroke assayes
The Armed beaust where force doth light in vaine

Gorboduc.

Many can yelde right graue and sage aduise
Of patient spite to others wapped in woe,
And can in speache both rule and conquere kinde,
Who if by pzoofe, they might feele natures force,
Told shewe them selues men as they are in dede,
Which now will nedes be gods: but what doth me:
The soze chere of her that here doth come? (ane

Marcella.

Oh where is ruth: or where is pytie now:
Whether is gentle harte and mercie fled:
Are they exiled out of our stony bzeasts
Neuer to make retourne: is all the worlde
Drownded in bloode, and soncks in crueltie:
If not in women mercie maye be founde
If not (alas) within the mothers bzeast
To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and blood
If ruth be banished thence, if pytie there
Maye haue no place, if there no gentle harte

Do

of Gorboduc.

Do lyue and dwell, where shuld we seeke it than?

Gorboduc.

Madame (alas) what meanes your woful tale?

Marcella.

O fillie woman I, why to this holwe,
Haue kinde and fortune thus deferred my bzeathe
That I shuld lyue to see this dolefull daye
Will euer wight beleue that suche harde harte
Coude rest within the cruell mothers bzeast,
With her owne hande to slaye her onely sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They sawe the dzyery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recozdes of the blodie facte.
Porrex, (alas) is by his mother slayne,
And with her hand a wofull thyng to tell,
While slomberinge on his carefull bed he restes
His hart stalde in with kniefe is rest of life.

Gorboduc.

O *Eubulus*, oh dzalve this swozde of ours,
And perce this hart with speede, O hatefull light,
O lothsome liefe, O sweete and welcome Death,
Dere *Eubulus*, worke this we thee beseeche.

Eubulus.

Patient your Grace, perhappes he liueth yet,
With wounde receied, but not of certayne death.

Gorboduc.

O let vs than repaier, vnto the place,
And see if that *Porrex*, oꝝ thus be slaine.

Marcella.

Alas he liueth not, it is to true,
That with these eies of him a percles Prince;

D, II.

Sonne

The Tragedie

Sonne to a King, and in the flower of youth;
Euen with a twinke a censeles stroke I sawe.

Arosius

O dampned deed.

Marcella.

But heare this ruthfull ende.

The noble Prince perst with the sodeine wounde.
Out of his wretched slombze hastelie starte
Whose strenght now failyng streight he ouerthrew
When in the fall his eyes euen newe vncloused
Behelde the Quene and cryed to her for helpe
We then, alas, the Ladies whiche that tyme
Did there attende, seynge that heynous deede
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crie to her for Aide
Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortall wound
Pittens, (alas, for nought els could we do)
His ruthfull ende, ranne to the wofull bedde
Dispoyled streight his brest, and all we might
Wopped in vaine with napkyngs next at hande,
The sodeine streames of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wounde: O what a looke,
O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought
He fixed vpon my face, whiche to my deathe
Will neuer parte fro me, when with a braide
Adeepe set sighe he gaue, and therewith all
Claspinge his handes, to heauen he cast his sight,
And streight pale deach pressyng within his face
The flyinge ghoste his mortall corps forsooke,

Arosius.

Neuer did age bying forth so vile a facte.

Marcella.

of Bozbodue.

Marcella.

O harde and cruell happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthie a wighte so wretched ende
But most harde cruell harte, that coulde consent
To lende the hatefull destenies that hande
By whiche, alas, so heynous cryme was wrought,
O Queene of Adamante, O Marble breaste
If not the fauour of his comelie face,
If not his Princelie chere and counten vnce,
His valiant Actiue Armes, his manlie breaste.
If not his faier and semelie personage
His noble Lymmes in suche preparacion caste
As would haue wrapped a sillie womans thought
If this mought not haue moued the bloodie harte
And that most cruell hande the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kisse him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reauue suche one by death
Should nature yet consent to slaye her sonne
O mother, thou to murder thus thie childe
Euen Ioue with Justice must w lightening flames
From heauen send down some strange reuenge on
Ah noble Prince, how oft haue I beheld (thee.
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling steeds
Shyning in Armour bright before the Mylne
And with thy Mistresse sleaue tied on thy helme
And charge thy Masse to please thy Ladies eie
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe,
Howe oft in Armes on horse to bende the Pace
Howe oft in Armes on foote to bryake the sword,
Whiche neuer nowe these eyes may see againe.

D. 14.

The Tragedie

Arostus.

Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed,
Rather with me departe and helpe to allwage,
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged kings
Must nedes by nature growe by death of this
His onelic sonne, whome he did holde so deare.

Marcella.

What wight is that whiche sawe that I did see
And could refraine to waile with plainte & teares
Not I, alas, that harte is not in me,
But let vs goe, for I am greued anelwe,
To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

Chorus.

When greedie lust in Royall seate to reigne
Hath rest all care of goddes and eke of men,
And cruell hart, wrathe, Treason and disdaine
Within the ambitious breaſt are lodged then
Beholde howe mischiese woe her selfe displaies
And with the brothers hande the brother slaies.

When blood thus shed, doth staine this heavens
Crying to Ioue for vengeance of the deede, (face
The mightie God euen moueth from his place
With wrathe to wzeke, then sendes he forth with
The dreadful furies, daughters of y night (spede
With Serpents girt, caryng the whip of Ire,
With heare of stinging snakes and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a bzande of fire;
These for reuenge of wretched Murder done
Do make the Mother kill her onelic sonne.

Blode

Of Gorbodue,

Blood asketh blood, & death must death requite
Ioue by his iust and euerlasting dome
Iustly hath euer so requited it
These times befoze recorde, and tymes to come,
Shall finde it true, and so doth present pzoofe,
Present befoze our eyes for our behoofe.

O happie twight that suffres not the snare
Of murderous minde to tangle him in bloodes
And happie he that can in time beware
By others harmes and tourne it to his goode
But wo to him that fearing not to offende
Doth serue his lust, and will not see the ende.

The order and signification of the
dome shewes befoze the fifthe Acte.

Firste the Drummes and Fluites, beganne to
sounde, durynge whiche there came forth vpon
the Stage a companie of Vargabushiers and of
Armed men all in order of Battaille. These
after their Peeeces discharged, and that the Ar-
med men had thzee tymes marched aboute the
Stage, departed, and then the Drummes and
Fluites did cease. Hereby was signified tumults,
rebellions, Armes and ciuill warres to folowe,
as fel in the Realme of great Britayne, which by
the space of fiftie yeares and moze continued in
ciuill warre betwene the pobleitie after the
death of king Gorbodue, & of his Issues, for wante

The Tragedie

of certayne limitation in the Succession of the Crowne, till the time of *Dunwallo Molmutius*, who reduced the Lande to Monarchie.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

Clotyn.

DId ever age bring forth such Tyrants hartes,
The Mother hath bereft the Brothers lyfe,
The Mother she hath died her cruell handes
In blood of her owne sonne, and now at last
The people loe forgettyng trouth and loue,
Contemnyng quite both Lawe and loyall harte
Euen they haue slayne their soueraigne Lord and

Mandud.

(Queene.)

Shall this their trayterous crime unpunished rest
Euen yet they cease not, carped out with rage,
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A newe bloode shedde vnto the Princes kinne
To slaie them all, and to bpzoote the race
Both of the kyng and Queene, so are they moued
With Porrex death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltles kinge without desarte at all
And traiterouslie haue murdered him therfore,
And eke the Queene.

Gwenard.

Shall Subiectes dare with force
To worke reuenge vpon their Princes facte?
Admyt the worst that maye: as sure in this

The

of Gobdud.

The dede was fowle, the Quene to slaie her sonne
Shall yet the Subiecte seeke to take the sworde:
Arise agaynst his Lorde, and slaie his kynge:
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out euen from their lpyunge breasts
And with the bodie thzowen vnto the Fowles
As Carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Fergus.

There can no punishment be thought to greate
For this so greuous crime: let speede therfore
Be vsed therein for it behoueth so.

Eubulus.

We all my Lordes I see consent in one
And I as one consent with ye in all:
I holde it more than nede with the sharpest Lawe
To punish the tumultuous bloodie rage
For nothyng more maye shake the comen state
Than sufferance of Appoares without redresse
Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power
After great Conquestes made, and flourishing
In fame and wealth haue ben to rypne brought,
I praise to Ioue that we may rather wayle
Suche happe in them than witnes in our selues
Oke fullie with the Duke my minde agrees
That no cause serues, wherby the Subiect maye
Call to accompt the doynges of his Prince,
Muche lesse in bloode by sworde to worke reuenge
No more then maye the hande cut of the heade,
In Acte nor speache, nor not in secrete thoughte
The Subiect maye rebell against his Lorde
O Judge of him that sittes in Cæsars Seate.

D b.

With

The Tragedie

With grudging mind do damne those Hemislikes
 Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
 Yet Subiectes must obey as they are bounde:
 What now my Lordes before ye farther wade
 Or spend your speech, what sharp reuenge shal fall
 By iustice plague on these rebellious wights
 He thinkes ye rather should first searche the wayes
 By which in time the rage of this vproare
 Mought be repressed, & these great tumults ceased
 Euen yet the life of Brittain Lande doth hang,
 In Traitors Balaunce of vnegall weight
 Thinke not my Lordes the death of *Corbodu*
 Nor yet *Videnaes* bloode will cease their rage:
 Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and children,
 Our Countrey dearest of all in daunger standes,
 Nowe to be spoiled, nowe, nowe made desolate,
 And by our selues a conquest to ensue:
 For geue ones swepe vnto the peoples lusts,
 To rushe forth on, and stape them not in time,
 And as the streame that runneth downe the hyll,
 So wil thei headlong runne wth raging thoughtes
 From bloode to bloode, from mischief vnto moe,
 To rayne of the Realme, them selues and all
 So giddie are the cōmon peoples mindes,
 So glad of chaunge, more waueryng than the Sea
 Ye see (my Lordes) what strength these Rebelles
 What hugie nombre is assembled still, (haue,
 For though the traiterous fact, for which thei rose
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge thei still in fieldes
 So that howe farre their furies yet myll stretch
 Great cause we haue to dreade, that we may seeke
 By present Battaille to repress their power.

of Gobdoduc.

Speede must we vse to leuie force therfore,
For either they forthwith will mischiefe worke
Or their rebellious roares forthwith will cease:
These violent thinges may haue no lasting longe
Let vs therfore vse this for present helpe
Perswade by gentle speache, and offre grace
With gifte of pardon saue vnto the chiefe,
And that vpon condicion that forthewith
They yelde the Captaines of their enterpryse
To beare suche querdon of their traiterous facte
As may be both due vengeaunce to them selues,
And holosome terrour to posteritie.
This shall I thinke: flatter the greatest parte
That now we are holden with desire of home,
Wieried in fielde with could of Winters nightes,
And some (no doubt) stricken with dread of Lawe
Whan this is ones proclaymed, it shall make
The Captaines to mistruste the multitude
Whose safetie biddes them to betraye their heads
And so muche moze bycause the rascall routes,
In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
And while we treate & scande on termes of grace,
We shal both state their furies rage the while,
And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
Withouten warre to vanquish the Rebelles power
In the meane while, make you in redynes
Suche bande of Horsemen as ye maye prepare:
Horsemen (you know) are not the Comons strength
But are the force and store of noble men
Wherby the vnchosen and vnarmed sozte

The Tragedie

Of skilfulle Rebelles, whome none other power
But nombr makes to be of dreadfull force
With sodayne brunt maye quickly be opprest
And if this gentle meane of proffered grace
With stubbozne hartes cannot so farre auayle
As to asswage their desperate courages.
Than do I wishe suche slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posteritie
Maye be adrad with horrour of reuenge,
That iustly than shall on these rebelles fall:
This is my Lordes the some of mine aduise.

Clotyn.

Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And though it did: this speache that hath ben said
Hath wel abridged the tale I would haue tolde:
Fullie with *Eubulus* do I consente
In all that he hath saide: and if the same
To you my Lordes, may seeme for best aduise,
I wishe that it shoulde streight be put in bye.

Mandud.

My Lordes than let vs presentlie departe
And folowe this that lyketh vs so well.

Fergus.

If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, nowe it is offred mee:
The Realme is rest bothe of their kyng & Quene
The offspringe of the Prince is slaine and dead
No issue nowe remaines, the Heire vnknownen,
The people are in Armes and mutynies
The Nobles thei are busied howe to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and byroars

And

of Goboduc.

And *Brittayne* Lande nowe deserte left alone
Amid these bzoyles vncertaine where to rest
Offers her selfe vnto that noble harte
That wylł oz dare pursue to beare her Crowne:
Shall I that am the Duke of *Albanye*
Discended from that Lyne of noble bloode,
Whiche hath so longe flourished in worthie fame
Of valiaunt hartes, suche as in noble Breaſts
Of right shulde rest aboue the baser sorte,
Refuse to aduenture liewe to winne a Crowne,
Whome shall I finde enemies that will wſtande
My facte herein, if I attempte by Armes
To seeke the fame nowe in these times of bzoyle
These Dukes power can hardlie well appease
The people that alreddie are in Armes.
But if perhappes my force be ones in fielde
Is not my strength in power aboue the best
Of all these Lozdes nowe left in *Brittaine* Lande.
And though they shuld match me w power of men
Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of Battailles ioyned
If Victors of the fielde we may departe,
Ours is the Scepter than of great *Brittayne*,
If slayne amid the plaine this body be
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I died gyuyng the noble charge
To hazarde life for conquest of a Crowne.
Forthwith therfore will I in poste depart
To *Albanye* and raise in Armour there
All power I can: and here my secreete friends,
By secreete practise shall sollicite will,
To seeke to wyunne to me the peoples hartes.

The Tragedie

Actus quintus. Scena secunda.

Eubulus. Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Arostus Nuntius.

Eubulus.

O Ioue, Howe are these peoples hartes abused
What blind Furie, thus headlong caries the?
What though so many bokes, so many rolles
Of Auncient time recozde what greuous plagues,
Light on these Rebelles aye and thoughe so ofte
Their eares haue hard their aged fathers tell
What iust rewarde these Traitors still receyue.
Yea though them selues haue sene depe death and
By strangling cord & slaughter of the sword (blod
To suche assigned, yet can they not belware:
Yet can they not staie their rebellious handes,
But suffering to folwe treason to distaine
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall harte,
Reiecte all trueth and rise against their Prince,
A ruthfull case that those, whome duties bounde
Whome grafted Lawe by nature trueth and faith
Bounde to preserue their Countrey and their king
Borne to defende their Common wealth & Prince,
Euen they shulde geue consent thus to subuerte
The Brittain Land, & from the wombeshuld bring
(O natpue soile) those, that will nedes destrope
And rupne thee and eke them selues in fine:
For lo, when ones the Duke had offred Grace
Of pardon sweete (the multitude mislead
By traiterous fraude of their bnggracicus heades)
One sozte that sawe the daungerous successe

Of

of Bozbaduc.

Of stubbozne standynge in rebellious warre
And knēwe the difference of Princes power
From headles nombze of tumultuous routes,
Whom cōmen Countreies care and pziuate feare
Laught to repent the terrour of their rage
Laide handes vpon the Capatines of their bande,
And brought them bound vnto the mightie Dukes
An other sorte not trusting yet so well
The tructh of Pardon oꝝ mistrusting moze
Their owne offence than that thei could conceine
Such hope of pardon soꝝ so foule misdeede:
Oꝝ soꝝ that they their Captaines could not yeld
Who fearinge to be yelded, flead befoze,
Stale home by scilence of the secrete night,
The thirde unhappie and vnraged sorte
Of desperate harts, who stained in Princes blood
From trayterous furour could not be withdrauen
By loue, by lawe, by grace, ne yet by feare,
By pꝛofferred lyfe, ne yet by thꝛeatened Deathe,
With mindes hopeles of liue, dꝛeadles of Deathe,
Careles of Countrey, and a weles of God:
Stoode bēte to fighte as Furies did them moue
With violent death to close their traitterous lyfe:
These all by power of Hoꝛsemen were oppꝛest
And with reuenging swoꝛde slayne in the fielde,
Oꝝ with the strangling Coꝝd hanged on the trees
Where yet the carryen Carcasses do pꝛoche
The fruites that Rebelles reape of their vꝛꝛars
And of the murder of their sacred Prince,
But loe, where do appꝛoche the noble Dukes,
By whom these tumults haue ben thus appease.

Chor.

The Tragedie

Clotyn.

I thinke the worlde wyll now at length beware
And feare to put on armes agaynst their Prince.

Mandud.

If not: thole trayterous hartes that dare rebell
Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
With bloode & bodie spread with rebelles flayne,
The lustie trees clothed with corpeses dead
That strangled with the corde do hange therein.

Arosius.

A iust rewarde suche as all tymes before
Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes,

Gwenard.

But what meanes he that cometh here so fast.

Nuntius.

My Lords, as duetic and my trouth doth moue
And of my Countrey worke and care in mee
That if the spendyng of my breath auaille
To do the Service that my harte desires,
I would not shunne to embrace a present death,
So haue I nowe in that wherein I thought
My trauaile mought perfourme some good effecte
Ventred my liefe to bringe these tydings here.

Fergus the mightie Duke of Albany

Is nowe in Armes and lodgeth in the fieelde
With twentie thousand men, hether he bendes
His spedie marche, & minds to inuade the Crowne
Dayly he gathereth strength and spreads abroad
That to this Realme no certeine Heire remaines,
That Brittain Lande is left without a guyde,
That he the Scepter seekes, for nothing els

But

of Goboduc.

But to preserve the people and the Lande
Whiche now remaine as ship without a Sterne
Loe this is that whiche I haue hereto saide.

Clorin.

Is this his sayth: and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the bauntage of unhappie times:
O wretched Lande, if his outrageous pride,
His cruell and vntempered wilfulnes
His deepe dissemblinge shewes of false pretence
Should once attaine the Crowne of Brittain lande
Let vs my Lordes, with tymeely force resist
The newe attempt of this our cōmon foe
As we would quenche the flames of cōmen fire.

Mandud.

Though we remaine without a certayn Prince
To weld the Realme or guide the wandring rule
Yet nowe the cōmen Mother of vs all,
Our Father Lande, our Countrey that containes
Our wiues, children, kyndred, our selues and all
That euer is or maye be deare to man
Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her:
Let vs aduance our powers to represse
This growynge foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard.

Pea let vs so my Lordes with hastie speede,
And ye (O Goddes) sende vs the welcome death,
To shed our blood in fildes and leaue vs not,
In lothesome life to lenger out our lyes
To see the hugie heapes of these unhappes,
That nowe roll downe vpon the wretched Lande
Where emptye place of Princelie gouernance

The Tragedie

No certayne state now left of doubtles heire,
Thus leaue this guidelesse Realme an open pray,
To endlesse skornes and wast of ciuill warre.

Alfredus.

That ye (my Lordes) do so agree in one
To saue your Countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfullie vsurped Tyrannie
O him that threatens conquest of you all
To saue your realme, & in this realme your selues
From foreyne thraldome of so proude a Prince,
Much do I praise, and I beseeche the Goddes,
With happie honour to requite it you.
But (O my Lordes) sithe now the Heaueus wyth
Hath rest this Lande the issue of their Prince:
Sithe of the body of our late Soueraigne Lorde
Remaines no mo. since the yong kinges be slaine
And of the Title of the descended Crowne,
Uncerteynly the diuerse mindes do thinke
Euen of the Learned sorte, and moze uncerteinlye
Will perciall fancie and affection deeme;
But most uncerteinlye wyll clymbynge pride
And hope of Reigne withdrowe frō sondre partes
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne.
When ones this noble seruice is atchieued
For Britayne Lande the Father of ye all,
When ones ye haue with armed force repzell,
The proude attemptes of this *Albanian* Prince,
That threatens thraldome to your Patience Lande,
When ye shall vanquishers retourne from fildes
And finde the Princely state an open praye,
To greedie lust and to vsurping power,

Then

of Forbodie.

Then, then (my Lordes) if euer kindly care
Of ancient Honour of your ancestours,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes:
Feare of the lyues and safetie yet to come
Of your deare wyues, your children & your selues,
Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
Then, then haue pittie on the toorne estate.
Then helpe to salae the well neare hopeles soze
Whiche ye shall do, if ye your selues with holde
The sleayng knife from your own mothers throate
Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Ones to laye hande or take vnto your selues
The Crowne by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other meanes so euer it be
Till first by cōten counsell of you all
In Parliament the Regall Diademe
Be set in certayne place of gouernaunce,
In whiche your Parliament and in your choise,
Preferre the right (my Lordes,) without respects
Of strength of frendes, or what so euer cause
That maye set forwarde, any others parte,
For right will last, and wrong can not endure,
Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name
The people rest by meane of Nature lyne,
Or by the vertue of some former Lawe,
Already made their title to aduaunce:
Suche one (my Lordes) let be your chosen kynge
Suche one so borne within your Natyue Lande
Suche one preferre, and in no wise admitte,
The heauie yoke of forreine gouernaunce,

THE TRAGEDIE

Let foireine Titles yelde to Publike wealth,
And with that hart wherewith ye nowe prepare
Thus to withstande the proude inuadyng foe,
With that same harte (my Lordes) kepe out also
Annaturall thzalbome of straungers reigne,
Be suffre you against the rules of kinde
Your Mother Lande to serue a Foireine Prince.

Enbulus.

Loe here the ende of *Brutus* royall Lyne,
And loe the entrie to the wofull wpacke
And vtter ruine of this noble Realme.
The royall kinge, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
No Ruler restes within the Regall Seate:
The Heire, to whō the Scepter longs, vnknown
That to eche force of Foireine Princes power
Whome vauntage of your wretched state
By sodaine Armes to gaine so riche a Realme
And to the proude and gredie minde at home
Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire.
Loe *Brittaine* Realme is left an open praye,
A present spoile by Conquest to ensue,
Who seeth not nowe holwe many risynge mindes
Do feede their thoughts, w hope to reach a Realme
And who will not by force attempt to winne
So great a gaine that hope perswades to haue:
A simple colour shall for title serue.
Who winnes the Royal crown wil want no right
Nor suche as shall displaye by longe discent
A lynecall race to proue him selfe a kynge,
In the meane while these ciuill armes shall rage,
And thus a thousande mischietes shall vnfolde

And

OF WOZDOUNT.

And farre & neare spread thee (O Brittain Land)
All right and Lawe shall cease, and he that had
Nothyng to daye, to morowe shall enioye
Great heapes of good, & he that flowed in wealth,
Loe he shall be rest of lyfe and all,
And happiest he that than possesseth least.
The wyues shall suffre rape, the maydes deflowred
And children fatherles shall weepe and wayle:
With fire & swoorde thy patient folke shall perishe.
One kinsman shall bereaue an other life,
The father shall unwittinge slaye the sonne,
The sonne shall slea the sire and knowe it not:
Women and maides the cruell Souldiours swoord
Shall perse to death, and sillie children loe
That playinge in the streets & fieldes are sounde
By violent hande shall close their latter daye.
Whome shall the ferce and bloudie Souldiour
Reserue to liewe, whome shall he spare from death
Euen thou (O wretched mother) half alyue
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
Slaine wth the swoorde while he yet suckes thy brest:
Loe, gilty bloode shall thus eche where be shed:
Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite
But deth and fampyne shall possesse the Lande.
The Townes shall be consumed & bzent with fire,
The peopled Cities shall ware desolate,
And thou (O Brittain Land) whilom in renowne
Whilome in wealth and fame shalt thus be tozne,
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twayne,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
These be the fruits your ciuill warres wil bring.

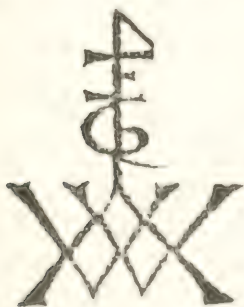
The Tragedie

Hereto it comes when kinges will not consent,
To graue aduise, but folow wilfull wyll:
This is the ende, when in yonge Princes hartes
Flattery preuayles, and sage rede hath no place:
These are the plagës, when murder is the meane
To make newe Heires vnto the Royall Crowne.
Thus wreke the Gods, whē y the mothers wozath
Pought but y blood of her owne child may swage.
These mischiefes springs whē Rebelles wil arise,
To worke reuenge and iudge their Princes facte:
This, this ensues when noble men do faile
In loyall trouthe, and subiectes will be kinges.
And this doth growe when loe vnto the Prince,
At home death or sodeyne happe of lise bereaues,
No certayne Heire remaines, suche certentie
As not all onely is the rightfull Heire,
But to the Realme is so made vnknownen to be
And trouthe therby vested in Subiectes hartes,
To olve faith there, where right is knolwen to rest
Alas, in Parliament what hope can bee,
When is of Parliament no hope at all,
Whiche thoughte it be assembled by consent,
Yet is it not likely with consent to ende:
While eche one for him selfe, or for his frende
Against his foe, shall trauaile what he maye,
While nowe the state left open to the man,
That shall with greatest force inuade the same,
Shall fill amblicious minds with gapynge hope:
When will they ones with yelding harts agree?
Or in the while, howe shall the Realme be used?
No, no: then Parliament should haue ben holden

And

And certaine Heires appoynted to the Crowne
 To staie their title of established righte:
 And plant the people in obedience
 While yet the Prince did liue, whose name and
 By lawfull Sõmons and auctozptie (power
 Might make a Parliament to be of force,
 And might haue set the state in quiet stape:
 But nowe (O happie man) inhome spedie death
 Depriuies of lyfe, ne is enforced to see
 These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
 These ciuill wars, these murders & these wzongs
 Of Justice, yet must Ioue in syne restore
 This noble Crowne vnto the lawfull Heire:
 For right will alwayes liue, and rise at lengthe,
 But wzonge can neuer take deepe roote to last.

The ende of the Tragedie of
 Kyng Corboduc.



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